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The OTEEN

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The Asheville Citizen

gets the news of the universe thru Associated Press Service, and maintains a Washington Correspondent who wires all important Congressional bills and War Department measures that affect YOU as a soldier and later as a civilian.

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The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

LT. COL. WM. J. LYSTER
1st Lt. W. L. WHITE, S.C., U.S.A.

Commanding
Advisor

HOSP. SERGT. RUSSELL RADFORD, Editor-in-Chief
SERGT. 1/CL. EDWIN LOEWY, Business Manager
MR. MATHEW BEECHER, Art Editor



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Vol. V.

Saturday, October 11, 1919

No. 1

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,
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teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

Rumor has it pretty straight that the Red Circle Community Club, Asheville, is soon bringing its activities to an end. Too true, the war seems to be over for nearly everyone except the hospitalizing soldiers. The Red Circle has proven one of the real god-sends to men going into town for the afternoon and evening. There any service man can find a haven to rest in, eat a very fair meal at actual cost, and kill the hours until his return to Post. Our wail of regret carries to the skies if it be true that they will close on the first of November. Then we'll have no place to go, except to stand on the street corners and be classed as just one of "them soldiers."

If Bill Barton can influence his head-quarter bosses as easily as he can provide decent recreational hours, and wholesome food at cost to the hundred and one 'casuals,' from Oteen then the Red Circle works will keep on for a stretch longer. This war isn't, by a long shot, over for the majority of us here.



Whenever a war Correspondent trailed a hero to his lair—a genuine born-in-a-bar-rage hero—and managed to get him to say something about himself, he would include in his story of the man a sentence that ran something like this.

"A year ago Private Simms was driving a grocery wagon in Dubuque, Iowa."

The fact was arresting. It had a certain glamor about it, roseateness of hue that was as easily sensed as it was with difficulty accounted for. For what in the world is there of the romantic in driving a grocery wagon in Dubuque or anywhere else?

A year has passed. Private Simmons has re-become Citizen Simms. He is back on the same old linoleum-covered cushion on the same old grocery wagon behind the same nag (now worth twice as much as when he went away.) As he passes his neighbors, Messrs Jones and Brown, they wave him a howdy, and Jone remarks to Brown:

"A year ago that boy was wiping out machine gun nests in the Argonne."

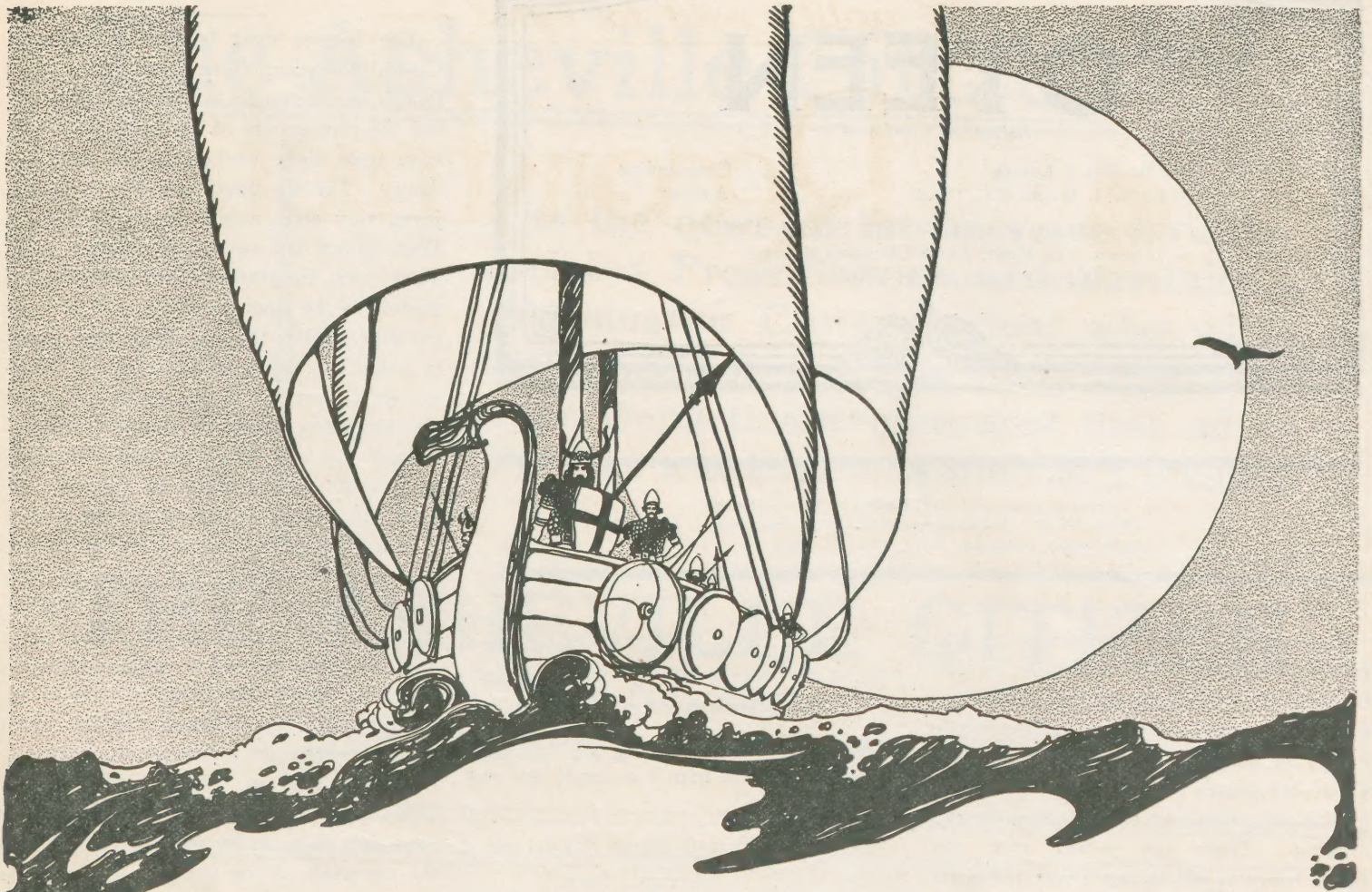
And Brown, who has known it all along, gets another thrill out of it just the same, and comments: "Rather prosaic contrast, isn't it?"

Well, is it? It most certainly is. But why? Because romance always lives where you do not, is never found where you are. Central Africa is romantic until you get there. But about that time the Commercial Bock on Main Street is wearing all the gilt of medieval legendry, the town clerk is a knight errant, and the chief of police a be-dizened crusader.

"WORK OR GO TO JAIL"

The biggest fight between Labor and Capital now occupies the center of the stage. It will be interesting to note just what effect the propaganda of the bolshevists will have upon these workers in the steel industry. For the most part they have enjoyed very good wages during the World War, 20 per day was a very common thing. Then came the armistice and with it a reduction in the amount contained in the pay envelope. That the war time high wages of Labor has turned the heads of the Workers seems evident by the spirit of unrest that has taken hold of the country. Organizations can be a power for good, but there is a limit to the demands that can be made by them. If the organization men cannot get along on from \$6 to \$10 or more dollars for a working day of six or eight hours, where does the clerk and smiliar workers stand at from \$15 to 25 per week and who think nothing of working from ten to twelve hours a day to get it? It is impossible for every worker to organize. And yet the majority of Labor has an organization to back it up. With each strike for better working conditions and better pay there has been an increase in the price to the consumer of the finished article. Just where does the man with the fixed income stand? To be brief, he is the goat. But apart from any question as to whether or not the demands of the workers are just or not, it would seem that now is a very poor time for strikes. It is doubtful that public opinion will side with the strikers. Strikes always mean a suspension of production and an industrial loss. And that tends to increase the cost of living, which at the present time is sufficiently high. President Wilson realized the inopportune time for strikes was at hand when he and many of the ablest men in the American Federation of Labor endeavored to have Labor declare a truce with Capital for a period of six months. It is just as unpatriotic to go on strike now before the country has settled itself to normal conditions as it was while the battles were raging for one to be idle. The same slogan of "work or go to jail" should still hold good. It would be for the good of the country.





Interviewing Columbus

(BY OUR OWN CUB REPORTER C. E. G.)

Being a "Cub" reporter has its drawbacks. Every fool notion that gets into the M. E.'s head is worked off on the "Cub". For instance this Columbus assignment.

This morning I was called up and told to write up the famous explorer and discoverer—Columbus. "Sure," says I, grabbing my note book and swipping Beau's best pencil, "Where does this guy hang out?"

"Search me," says the Managing Editor, "he is an Italian and has been dead 400 years."

"Aw, go to," says I, thinking the M. E. was trying to kid me, "where do you get that stuff."

The M. E. gives me the "bonehead" glare and says, "where do you work next week, son."

So I know it is up to me to produce.

I slid out of the office and hiked to Ed Green's for a cup of his so-called coffee and a piece of pie I needed an anchor bad and if anything will anchor a fellow, it is some of Ed's pie.

"Say Ed," says I, as I counted my change carefully and swipped a fistful of matches, "who was Columbus and what did he do?"

"Not sure," says Ed as he squeezed the sixth eater up to a table built for four, "but I think he is a sort of lodge organizer or insurance agent."

So, I gave Ed up.

The next fellow I ran into was Major Saye, and I asked him who this fellow Columbus was.

"Very prominent citizen of Jawja, suh, was Kunnel Columbus. Old Settler there, suh, we have named one of our bustling cities after his family. Why suh, in the recent wah ———,"

I made a quick escape and beat it down the street and I came to a place where a sign said:

Madame Garland, past present and future told, everything revealed, 50 cents.

"By gum," I says, here is where I risk four bits on the past. So I goes in and there was a female who looked as tho she had known the old guy himself.

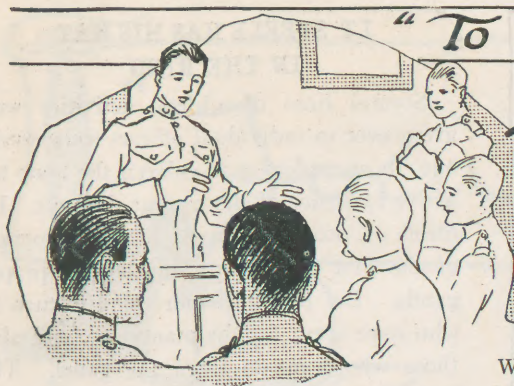
"I want to talk with Columbus," says I.

"That is easy," says she, "But that is a voyage of the spirit into the ethereal depths of the Beyond. That is one dollar."

I passes over the buck and she proceeds to throw a fit. I started for the door but just as I got there, she heaved a sigh and says, "what wishest thou?"

(Continued on page 16)

"To uplift and to build"



Reconstruction

WARREN K. LAYTON, 1st. Lt. S.C., Chief Reconstruction
ANNA M. BARRINGER, Supervisor of Aides

We are very glad to have Miss Washburn with us again after her late indisposition.

★ ★

The largest undertaking in the shop this week is a tool chest being made by Hilton of H-7. This is the second chest which Hilton has made and we congratulate him on his results.

★ ★

The popularity of trays and jewel boxes continues unabated.

★ ★

Seventy men registered in the shop for the week ending October third.

★ ★

Several workers have been transferred to Whipple Barracks, Arizona. Their hope is that they can have reconstruction work there.

★ ★

Friends of Mrs. Harter will be pleased to know that her condition is much improved, and that her stay in the Infirmary will be much shorter than was at first expected.

★ ★

Before acting on her orders for transfer to Fort McPherson Miss Dougherty received orders for discharge. She left Oteen for New York on Sunday.



Miss Grannis, Miss Sanford and Miss Biggerstaff are home on leave.

★ ★

Miss Louise Cabell of Lynchburg, Virginia, is visiting Miss Jessie Morriss at the Aides' Barracks.

★ ★

A new Reconstruction Aide, Miss Mirkle, a Physio-Therapist, has been transferred to Oteen from Plattsburg Barracks, New York. She is the first Physio-Therapist to be assigned here and has come to introduce the work as requested by several ward surgeons.

★ ★

For beautiful trays apply to Edgar Kegley.

Those of us who realize what a tedious task it is to plan and superintend the cooking and serving of meals for two hundred people, fully appreciate the combined efforts of Miss Sheehan and Miss Timson in improving the Nurses' mess. We thank you.

★ ★

Miss Gray's schedule for instruction on stringed instruments has been extended to an all-day schedule. She gives lessons at the Y. M. C. A. from 9 to 11:30 A. M. and from 3 to 4:30 P. M.

★ ★

Lieut. Paul Gadebush of Officers' Ward I has taken charge of the three o'clock Spanish class at the Reconstruction Building. Many new students were enrolled last week. If there are other men who desire instruction, they may report at the building this week. The department and the class are very grateful to Lieut. Gadebush for giving his time to this work.



Miss Jessie Morriss has taken over Mrs. Knight's classes in Typewriting at the Reconstruction building. Miss Morriss needs no introduction to the men in the hospital for she has made a conspicuous success with her commercial work in the past months. Ten new men and two nurses have signed up for instruction this past week. This brings the total enrollment up to forty-four.

★ ★

The Algebra class paid off all scores against the M. P.'s for they squared them, took their root, divided them and finally eliminated them.

★ ★

Book ends and table scarfs are still the favorite work in Wards E-3 and 6.

★ ★

Lt. Hooker has woven a very handsome pine pillow cover.

All I-1 will miss the cheerful presence of Sergeant Hemming and Private Davis who have been transferred to Fort Bayard, New Mexico. By their ready cooperation with the Aide and the Ward Surgeon, they have assisted the work of Reconstruction not only for themselves but for their associates. Ward I-1 wishes them good luck.

★ ★

Someone has asked for the real meaning of the term "Occupational Therapy." If you have not guessed we shall be glad to take you into our confidence. The meaning of the term is "any purposeful activity of mind or body." If you could walk through the Wards some morning and see the happy faces of the boys who are doing Reconstruction Work, you would realize that our "chief aim" has been accomplished.

★ ★

Miss Morton can take care of two more piano students. See her at the Red Cross or come to the Assignment office.

★ ★

W. R. Hall expects to break the typewriting record one of these days and if he keeps on the way he has started we will bet on him.

★ ★

Ward W-2 has been closed and will be the site for the colored patients' hostess house.

★ ★

The former patients of the wards W-4 and 3 are now Hill boys and wards W-4 and 3 are now used by colored patients.

★ ★

Three boys of I-1 and four boys of I-8 have been transferred to Whipple Barracks and one from I-8 to Denver.





Photo by Higgason

Dr. Hays Is Now Educational Secretary

Dr. Benjamin K. Hays of Oxford, N. C. has recently been discharged from the army to take a position with the National Tuberculosis Association. Before entering the army he was well known in his native State as a successful physician, a health officer, a writer upon sociological problems and a public speaker. For six years he served upon the State Board of Medical Examiners and later became secretary of the State Medical Society, a position which he still holds. Upon entering the army he passed through the training camp at Greenleaf and the Army Medical School at New Haven. He was then assigned to the hospital at Oteen where he has been stationed for the past year.

When it was decided by the Commanding Officer and by the National Tuberculosis Association to place a representative of the latter organization on duty at this Post, Dr. Hays was selected for the position. His work is that of educational secretary. He believes that the most important part of the treatment of tuberculosis is to teach the patient how to care for himself; that men differ from "dumn driven cattle;" that they have a right to know why they are in a hospital, just how sick they are, what are their chances for recovery and what their limi-

LT. STEELE HAS HIS HAT IN THE RING

Several lines of a'hletic activities were given over to individual officers some weeks ago, in an endeavor to enliven the none too active existence of the men at the post. Lt. Steele is proving himself a pep dispenser of the first orders with his boxing propaganda. But he wants more men to turn in who have a eye for the manly art, and also those who want to learn the game. The workouts are at the Y. M. C. A., and are proving instructive to the participants, and amusing in many instances to the onlookers. Get in touch with the "Loot."

Lt. Steele hopes in a short time to put on bouts at the Y. of a high order. But he insists that the men shall be qualified ring workers and be able to make a presentable showing. And if there's one man able to stage real "goes" it's Lt. Steele. His work at Fort Dodge, Iowa, in this respect speaks for itself. At least once a week he had a smoker and from 3 to 5 good matches together with a wrestling match. Why can't Oteen have this sort of thing? Let's go.

WORLDS SERIES AT "Y" A SUCCESS

The detailed reports of the World Series baseball games at the Y building started off and finished with a snap. The camp owes Sec. Thayer a big vote of thanks for his innovation, and the many others he brings to bear. Through the kindness of the Asheville Citizen the detailed reports were secured by a man who took it down as it was called out. Through the kindness of the Asheville Telephone and Telegraph Co. a special telephone had been installed in the Citizen office for the exclusive use of the Y. Through the courtesy and kindness of Col. Lyster one of the telephone lines to the camp was set apart for the transmitting of the information. The games play by play were put on the board before the men, almost as soon as it was made on the ball ground. As far as possible this information was sent out to the various wards for the convience of the men who were unable to get down to the Y.

tations will be in after life. With the blood of the old camp meeting leaders in his veins Dr. Hays is fervently applying himself to his task of education. Already his influence upon the patients may be seen. The men feel that in him they have a true friend, one to whom they may go at all times and speak with perfect candor of their troubles.



Gee whiz isn't it a lot of trouble to put on the heavies, take 'em off and put on the lights and then repeat the same once more?

▽ ▽

If you have any suggestions for a right spooky hollow'een party please pass the word along.

▽ ▽

During the past week a fairly large number of the old heads have received their discharges and gone home. Strange as it may seem there is a sad side to it. Friendships have been made and the partings are not without a pang of sorrow.

▽ ▽

Soc. McCaddon, of the K. C., has snapped into it and has things humming right along. We welcome him into the camp and hope that our relations may prove as pleasant as they were with Friend Bill Grace.

▽ ▽

'If our thoughts could be read, our faces would be redder.'

▽ ▽

The baseball matinees have proven very popular. Not only the camp fans have enjoyed them, but the people living in the nearby vicinity. The calls for returns come up to the late evening hours.

▽ ▽

Figgers don't lie, but liars do figger. Loan me your knife.

▽ ▽

If all plans carry through as published the ups and downs of life between the end of the paved road and the camp will soon be a thing of the past.

▽ ▽

Speaking of arranging programs our own Sgt. Fowler is some little, old arranger. His artistic eye focuses well when the decoration stunt is being put on.

▽ ▽

Mike Blume says he could have beat him up, but he just didn't have the heart. Ka-viola hasn't been interviewed.

▽ ▽

Sunday night movies on the hill seem to be a surety now.

Through Mrs. Rankin, our delightful librarian, many new books have been secured for the A. L. A. Especially attractive and instructive is the set of twenty volumes "A History of European War" edited by the New York Times and is absolutely authentic. The volumes are profusely illustrated and contain an alphabetical and analytical index with maps and diagrams.

++

The mending and sewing which has been carried on so successfully by Miss Ellen Barkerm will be continued under the supervision of Miss Nancy Clement. Mrs. Wm. Redwood of the Asheville Chapter of the American Red Cross has made cooperation possible with the church women, and women of different organizations of Asheville, who spend three afternoon a week sewing and mending for our boys. Mrs. Lyster meets with the officers wives on Wednesday afternoons and they also have a big share in the success of this work.

++

One of the loveliest affairs even given in the Red Cross House was the social hour given on the stage immediately after the movies on Monday night. The occasion was in honor of Mr. Frank Lambader, Field Director, whose birthday it was and his sister, Mrs. W. D. Gross of Philadelphia, who is leaving Oteen after two months stay at the post. Mrs. Gross has been a most charming member of the Red Cross Staff having done volunteer work. We will all miss her and are looking forward to a quick return which she has promised.

++

M. A. R. Jordan, Associate Field Director, Home Service at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., has assumed similar duties at Oteen. He brings a fine record with him and big results are expected.

L. R. McCaddon, the new general secretary at the Knights of Columbus, has had a varied career since entering the service. Camp Gordon near Atlanta was his first assignment. After leaving Gordon he had charge of K-6 activities at the tank camp at Raleigh. After the tank camp closed he was assigned to the powder works at Nashville, from which he was moved to the navy yard at New Orleans, and later to combined navy and army work at Key West, Fla., "Mac's" home town is Zanesville, Ohio, where he was a former city auditor.

★ ★

Mrs. L. R. McCaddon accompanied Secretary McCaddon to Oteen. During the past week she visited nurses' wards I and 2, and will continue to visit these wards often.

★ ★

The new bulletin board at the K. C. is from the master hand of "Slim" Weiss. It is a work of art and will blaze forth all future doin's.

★ ★

Outdoor movie tomorrow night; Petrova in, Law of The Land. Next Thursday night; Hayakawa in, White Man's Law, and a comic entitled, Bedroom Blunder, featuring Ray Bennet. Usual musical program by Payne's orchestra. You have to hand it to Payne's when it comes to playing incidental music. Last Sunday night they played, The End of A Perfect Day, while on the screen the baby in, Ghost House, was having a violent attack of croup!

★ ★

The dance last Tuesday night was a hum-dinger. Dancing is said to prolong life and if that is true some of the people on this post are going to live as long as Methuseleh. Presentation of the Cups won in the pool tournament was made by the General secretary and the speeches of acceptance made by Stroisch, Bean and Anthony were masterpieces. Pvt. Reed, winner of the second cup in the first tournament is away on furlough so we will have his speech to look forward to.



Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

AW, LISTEN TO ME, PRUNELLA



We have all heard of the organization of Three Minute Men but I-1 has improved on this by an organization of Twenty-four Hour Men. No one with less than a Ph. D. need apply for membership.

★ ★

If Gibbs does not stop putting on fat some Evolutionist will advance the theory that some men descended from elephants instead of monkeys.

★ ★

Anyone who likes Pie come to I-10.

★ ★

Answer wanted for the following:

If it takes a six months old wood pecker with a rubber bill eight days to peck a hole through a log that would make 117 shingles, how long will it take a cross eyed grass hopper with a wooden leg to kick the seed out of a dill pickle?

★ ★

There was a young lady named Drake,
Who said all "us boys" were a fake,
So the dear little goil

No more will she toil

And now all "us boys" our beds have to make.

★ ★

There was a young lady named Pye
Who for an old man she would gladly dye,
But he must have money
Or she won't be his honey
So "millionaries" watch out for her hypnotic eye.

★ ★

Nurses and aides please take notice:—

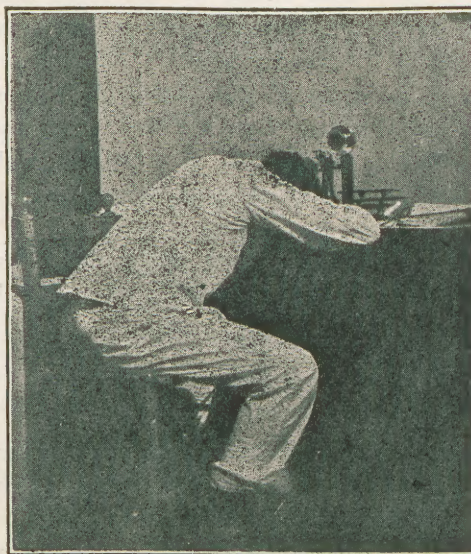
If interested in palmistry and desire your fair hand (held) read, come to I-10 and Prof. McGee will gladly hold your hand, look in your eyes, and tell you if you will marry 'N everything.

Ward Surgeon—And now, Mac, that you are being discharged, I suppose you may consider your fighting days over.

Patient—I dunno, sir. I'm going to be married next month.

"—— and I tell you, on the level Prunella, that picture you saw in my Ward is one I got with a magazine in France and I never went with her at all. Of course, she's a French girl and we all were nice to her so as to keep in right with her father who is a French officer — you've heard of him — he is Lieut Colonel Liason and he had a lot of men working for him. But, Sweetie, all the time I was in France you were the only one I was thinking of and when those French girls rushed out into the road after us and tried to hug us, I'd give 'em such a look that it would freeze them dead—and then I would concentrate my thoughts on you and make them look silly. Oh, Dearest, did I tell you the Sergeant at the Information Desk told me after your last visit—he's the Sergeant who issues passes to visitors. Well, he said, that if the war was responsible for bringing you out to this Hospital, then Sherman was all wrong. You're not sore at me, are you? Atta girl! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm."

Half-pint of I-10 says he is going to quit wearing pajamas, as he's getting so thin he's afraid he will slip thru a buttonhole and hang himself.



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

PRAISE WHERE PRAISE IS DUE

Someone has said, if you have any flowers to give, don't wait 'till the person is dead, but given them now. Therefore the forty patients I-1 rise up (as Ucle Dudley says) to say that they have the best ward surgeon on this post.

Why? Because he not only knows his work thoroughly, but he takes a personal interest in every man—such as is seldom shown by army doctors.

★ ★

We also have the best Scotch nurse in the post as well as one of the best aides in the Reconstruction Department.

They, like the Captain, show a heart in the work too.—H. A.

★ ★

It was an Orderly on I-6, who said, as he lay in the hammock, "Come breath, I ain't going to draw you no more.

★ ★

Nurse: Browning, you say you do not want any eggs this morning, do you know that eggs not any better than these cost eighty cen's a dozen in Boston?

Browning. Is that right? Fry me three and treat em rough.

★ ★

Do the boys in I-4 enjoy those Friday evening suppers? Ask Miss Farr?

★ ★

We hope Ackley's stay at the wrong side of the door will be brief.

A returning soldier was suffering bitterly from the pangs of seasickness. He was leaning weakly against the railing, waiting. A healthy friend walked up to him.

Hello, Joe, he said. Waiting for the moon to come up?

Yes, said the sick one. It'll be up in a few minutes.

It Happens in the Best Regulated of Wards by Babinetz

CLIPPINGS

"If you must kiss a baby," says a medical writer, "the back of the neck is the safest place." We always thought that was what you lifted them up by.
—Comeback.

Sir: With the odor of Salvation doughnuts still lingering and the aroma of Scout fried bacon getting stronger on Boston Common, it is evident that a modern drive needs every scent.
—N. Y. Tribune.

There's one good thing about a dog; he does not pretend to be anything else.

Alexander Dumas was a Frenchman and never resided in this country. Many people have gotten the impression that he was a citizen of New Jersey because he wrote "The Three Musketeers."
—G. H. No.2.

The number of marriages in New York this month is above the average, but whether the marriages are or not remains to be seen.



WANT ADS

Wanted—Young man would like a nice job testing cushions in limousines. Can ride any make limousine. Last job was walking for Uncle Sam, but would like change. Address P. O. 234.

Ex-soldier wants job in florist's, sounding the alarm every time a century plant bursts into bloom. Address U. S. O. B., Fort Leavenworth.

DERE MABLE

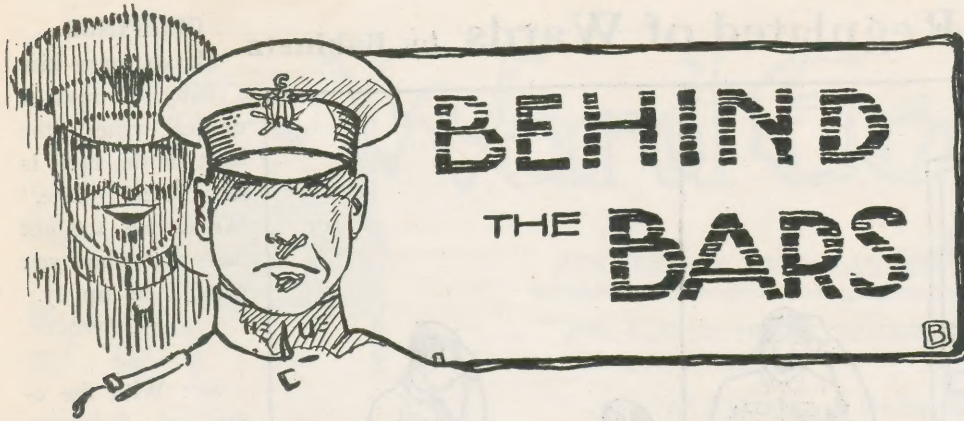
When little Mabel said her prayers,
Behold, her mother overheard,
And was indeed astonished, for
The daughter's plea was quite absurd!

"If I should die, oh, please, good Lord,
To Heaven let me straightway go;
But if I live, then, let me be
A vampire in a picture-show!"

TO THEM AIDES

We put one over the Re-Aides last week about Reconstruction Latin like we always do. Those kind of things are just our meat. I was walking with an officer last night and an Aide says to him and I, "I suppose you'll teach us the Kings' English next." But I just says to her, "When you've been in the service as long as we, you'll know Nurses don't speak the *Kings' English*."

—A Nurse.



SOME ADVENTURE

The Hero of this hair raising tale of adventure and daring is none other than our own Major Humphrey. The tale follows:

In the far off village of Bang-bang, in the province of Wah-hoo, our hero was stationed as the secret emissary of our great and powerful Nation. The natives in this place, being of the most savage and treacherous character, were plotting to do away with the "Furrin Devil" who was blocking their schemes for the manufacture of ten per-cent beer and who had so bewitched them that three of their most Holy Shrines—each containing a thirty gallon still—had been raided in the past moon. As a result of these desecrations, the natives were seething in revolt and lusting for revenge.

It was late in the evening when Ah-say, our Hero's faithful servant, ran into his office and, after waking him from his afternoon beauty nap, told him that he must make haste to meet the enemy who were even then advancing to the attack. Our Hero, being long trained in the fierce campaigns of the Panama Canal, immediately—nay, instantaneously, determined to defeat the enemy by strategy, said strategy consisting in depositing himself in a far off and secure place and there awaiting the attack. Therefore he determined to make all haste to Oteen, which was only fifteen thousand miles away for he knew that the simple savage would never fathom such strategy as this.

Hastily gathering his diplomatic effects and secret belonging, consisting of three socks, one tie, and two quarts of Whiz-bang, the powerful native lubricant, our Hero dispatched his faithful servant for transportation. But he was in hard luck. The Q. M. C., had gone on a picnic and the

orderly left in charge refused transportation on the grounds that he was ahead in a crap game with the drivers of the cars and could not be bothered.

Not to be outdone, our resourceful Ah-say sped down the highway like Mercury—on a cold morning—and commandeered the first thing in sight, the City Water Wagon. And driving like a demon he roared to the rescue of his beloved chief.

It was a severe blow to our Hero. Never in his long tempestuous experience had he been compelled to ride on the Water Wagon. It was the consummate indignity of many already heaped on his long suffering humility of spirit.

However, there was no time for pride as the natives already could be heard in the distance singing their blood curdling war hymn, *Hail, the Gang's All Here*. So our Hero jumped on the Water Wagon, seized the reins and urged the fiery steeds to a death defying pace and thus swiftly left the scene at a 5:46 gait. There was a train due to leave the station four hours and fifteen minutes before our Hero's mad flight so he determined to get to the station in time to catch it, if possible. It was a Southern train, therefore he still had thirty two minutes to make it.

But the Fates were against him. The water Wagon lost a wheel and once more our noble Hero was on foot and at the mercy of the mob. No. The faithful Ah-say just then dashed around the corner riding his favorite Boa-constrictor—a unique custom of the country—and soon was our Hero seated thereon and continuing his mad dash for safety.

What a fall! From the Water Wagon to a lowly snake. However it was not the first time that our Hero had dismounted, fallen, and otherwise descended from the Water Wagon to mingle with the snakes. But never before had he ridden or driven one.

This accounts for the fact that when he tried to guide his Reptilian Jitney into the station, the aforesaid Lizzie, as is the habit of Lizzies everywhere, decided to go elsewhere. Being a man of few words—but using those frequently and with considerable vigor—our Hero proceeded to set the recalcitrant Boa-C on the right road by the simple expedient of grasping the said Boar-C gently but firmly by the neck and pointing it on the correct trail.

But horrors! our Hero, being somewhat unacquainted with the anatomy of a snake, misjudged just what portion of a snake is a neck, and grasped his steed too far down the line, thus leaving about two feet of snake between his hand and the business end of said snake.

And also and furthermore this Jitney, as is the custom of Jitneys in general, became highly peeved and wrought up at being foiled or crossed in his desire, immediately ceased to be a Jitney and reverted to type and became just a plain snake, thoroughly mad. And there was our hero, holding this ferocious and deadly reptile at arm's length while the reptile was doing his utmost to reach our Hero in a vulnerable spot with his deadly fangs, which were charged with Oteen Coffee, the most deadly poison known to science.

The snake was striking nearer and nearer to our Hero's manly chest while he gazed in wide horror at the hate-inflamed eyes of this living death and, hanging on desperately, wildly called to his faithful Ah-say to come take his deadly pet and thus save his life.

★ ★

We know no more of this tale because the Major's cries for help disturbed the Bridge Gang, which was having a most absorbing rubber near his bed, and one of them was rude enough to awaken the Major.



FURTHER TREATMENT

The War Department announces that army hospitals will now provide treatment for discharged soldiers, sailors and marines, as they are civilians under the law and in matter of hospital treatment come under paragraph 1459 of Army Regulations. Any soldier, sailor or marine who has been honorably discharged since October 6, 1917, for disability incurred in line of duty and whose present condition is a reactivation of that disability or as consequent upon it, is entitled to hospital or sanatorium care under the War Risk Insurance Act either in a military hospital if there be room for him or in local civilian institutions.

1,500,000 MORE KILLED IN WORLD WAR THAN IN ALL WARS FOR PRECEDING 121 YEARS

President Wilson presented the following startling figures of the cost of the world war:

Deaths on the field of battle, 7,450,200; divided among the principal belligerents as follows:

Russia, 1,700,000; Germany, 1,600,000; France, 1,385,000; Great Britain, 900,000; United States, 50,300.

These losses compare with fewer than 6,000,000 suffered in all wars in the world from 1793 to 1914.

The total cost of the war in dollars was \$186,000,000,000. The entente allies and the United States spent \$123,000,000,000 and the central powers \$63,000,000,000.

We note in The Asheville Times' ad in the back of The Oteen "Read today's news today." Is that a slam at us.

Editor.

AZALEA ROAD TO BE COMPLETED

Our impaired lung has a sure chance for cure with the good news just coming to hand. The contract for the completion of the Azalea Road was let this week and work was started immediately by the successful contractors. Everyone who has occasion to travel the bad stretch will readily remember it as being the incompleting road starting at the break in the good road near the Dam, covering the last mile to camp, and running from there on to the Azalea station road.

The work, so the report has it, should be complete in six weeks time, and here's hoping. Some day we shall miss the old daily 'rock road' ride. And a damn good miss say we.



The formal opening of the Hostess House will take place on Friday, October tenth instead of Saturday as announced last week. Mrs. Josephus Daniels has telegraphed that she is to be accompanied by Mrs. Newton D. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War.

★ ★

We feel that not only the Hostess House but the entire command of Oteen is very much honored by the visit of Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Daniels and it is hoped that everyone will come out to greet them. The Hostess House will be open for inspection from three until ten o'clock, but the formal exercises will be held at four o'clock in the afternoon.

★ ★

Miss Laura Gardner of Bryan, O. will be in charge of the cafeteria and has come from the house at Camp Jackson where the cafeteria made a record of feeding 167,000 in five months.

★ ★

The staff of the Hostess House gave a luncheon on Monday for the Women comprising the Asheville Committee organized in connection with the work of the Y. W. C. A. in Oteen.

★ ★

Miss Genevieve W. James, the Supervisor of Hostess Houses in Georgia, Florida, and the Carolinas, is here to organize and direct the work. Miss James was a member of the staff at the first hostess house at the Officers Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York and has since been director of the houses at Camp Jackson and Camp Johnston, Fla.

Two Momentous Days in U. S. History



The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

(Bruno has a bump! If you have followed this exciting novel closely that fact would hardly seem worth an exclamation mark, considering the number of times Hertha, his huge fiancée, has bounced things off his bean. But this bump is a most unusual sort of bump. It was discovered by the hard-boiled lady who examined Bruno when he went around to get a job at the offices of the "Blow-Out Auto Tire Co.," where the Hon. Hector Puffer, Hertha's father, is president. The lady told Bruno that this bump, which appears just over his left ear, is the bump of acquisitiveness, and that it indicates that Bruno is bound to be a captain of finance. She is hurrying Bruno off to interview the Hon. Hector Puffer, president of the Blow-Out Auto Tire Co. as this chapter opens.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"Come in" bellowed a terrible voice at Bruno and the lady, whose name you will remember is Mrs. Kratch, stood in the hallway outside the president's office. Bruno instantly recognized the voice of his fiancée's father, and would have started down the hall had not Mrs. Kratch held him firmly by the arm.

• They opened the door and went in. At the further end of what our magazine writers of the better sort call "an elegantly furnished suite," sat the Hon. Hector Puffer, looking more foreboding than ever. He was sitting at a desk with nothing on it at all. This struck Bruno as remarkable, but by this time you are all wise to what a poor, ignorant simp Bruno is. If he had known anything at all he would have recognized the fact that the Honorable was sitting at an efficiency desk. If you ever want to get to be what is called in business an "executive" (which means that you've got the right to sit around and bawl out anybody you like, and get a grand salary for it,) you want to put all the papers and ink and little do-dubs on your desk into the drawers of the desk. Then you will have an efficiency desk and get written up in the Gentlemen's Home Journal.

The minute the Hon. Hector Puffer caught sight of Bruno, he gave a most tremendous, scornful snort. He threw away

the copy of the Motion-Picture Era, which he had been studying carefully when the two entered. As a matter of fact (the Honorable had put in a good part of the morning looking at the pictures of the Six Surf Sisters that occupied a double spread in the Motion-Picture Era.) But that was because he was a tired business man, having sat in on a

are all occupying that place. You say that Bruno knows absolutely nothing?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Kratch.

Mrs. Kratch nodded her head and answered.

"Absolutely."

"I have it," exclaimed the Honorable, "We will make him advertising manager of course. Why didn't we think of it before? Very careless." He pushed a button on his

A stenographer entered, holding one across her face in the manner of one to ward off a blow.

"Send Luke in here," hollered the Honorable.

A minute a pale young man, who looks as if he wanted to dig a hole in the floor and crawl through it, humbled in.

"Luke," shouted the Honorable banging the desk with an enormous paw, "you are no longer advertising manager. I have put Bruno here in your place. You are now assistant to Bruno. Take him with you and show him how to hold down your

And, by the way, if you don't hand me the copy for that booklet on "The Loyalty of Blow-Out Employees" by 4 o'clock this afternoon, I will fire you out of the pany altogether."

Yes, sir," said Luke, in a still scared voice. "Come along, sir," he said to Bruno, and I will tell you how to become an advertising manager."

(To be continued.)

OH. HELL, NO!

"... and here," said Mrs. Kratch. He has one of the most remarkably developed applicants we have ever had. He knows absolutely nothing. I have examined him in all sorts of subjects, and find that his mind is a total blank. But—" and here she paused impressively "his bump of acquisitiveness is highly developed.

"Is that so!" exclaimed the Honorable, looking at Bruno with a new interest "Who would have ever thought it? Why I owe my present position to my bump of acquisitiveness. We must give this young man a responsible position. Let me see. There isn't room for another vice president—the four nephews of our directors

A Yankee soldier was walking down Broadway one day with a leg and arm off, one ear missing and his head covered with bandages when he was accosted by a sympathetic old lady who said, Oh, dear, dear. I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you. This is really terrible. Can't I do something? Do tell me, did you receive all those wounds in real action?

The Kaiser Killer slid into neutral and applied the brakes and a weary expression came over his face as he answered, No, Madame, I was only cleaning out the gold fish bowl when one of the damn fish bit me.



LT. GEO. A. BISSONETTE

LT. BISSONETTE HAS A PARTY

The Detachment men tendered Lt. Bissonette, retiring Detachment Commander, an attractive little party at the Y. M. C. A. building a few nights ago. Col. Lyster, the camp commander, in a little speech, said nice things of the Loot, and made the presentation of a beautifully engraved watch from his admirers in camp. The party was well attended by Post men, and town folks. Music, refreshments and Lt. Bissonette were the features of the evening.

We are all going to miss Lt. Bissonette as Detachment Commander, at which detail he has served some five months. Previous to his coming to Oteen, he was in service for 18 months in France.

Lt. Bissonette may leave the command, but our hearts shall hold him as being one of the most regular scouts it has been our good luck and fortune to run onto.

BUM'S WAR, GENE—WE MEAN BON SOIR

Sergt. Harry Hornik, the best little supply sergeant that ever graced the deck at Oteen is up and leaving his adopted home, which has been this post, for a year and a half. 'Gene' came here originally to act as Sergeant Major or the like, because he was one of the most promising lights in the early days of the camp. But destiny forced him into the job of being the ready made clothing dispenser to Oteen's little Army.

Now, some general has written in requesting the release of the Sarge—and we must obey Generals. Hornik returns to New York, ostensibly to play leads in some of them high-falutin' Broadway successes. We'll tell it—Harry has been an actor since childhood. The best of luck to you, Gene, and long may you wave.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY BEATRICE BAREBACK

Did the Queen of Sheba use snuff?

Miss McQueen.

Queenie:—

No, she did not. Her only vice as far as I know was that of smoking a corn cob pipe in her boudoir.

★ ★

Miss Bareback:—

I'm one of them young reconstruction aides, and I am desirous of learning to play tennis. Being bashful and not having nerve to ask any of the good players to spare me their time—I hardly know what to do.

Margaret.

Maggie:—

Hook up with Paddy Donovan—he'll teach you all the fine points of the game. If you're awfully nice he may show you how to embalm a body.

★ ★

Beat:—

I have ear trouble. What should I use for it?

Buck Beethoven.

Try Isterine.

★ ★

If I drink coffee for breakfast, I stay awake all day and have to do some work. I find this very annoying. Please give me some advice—as I simply cannot give up coffee.

Red Bingham.

Listen, Red, ask Loot Steele to give you that detail winding up the eight day clock. Then you can drink yourself to death.

★ ★

Oh, your Bareback:—

What is the meaning of the verb "to gold-brick," and from what language was it derived?

Dr. Winters, Sgt. 1st. Cl. M. D.

Doc:—

It comes from the French and means to "run very fast for a long time on one spot."

★ ★

Miss Bareback:—

Is the intelligence of the average sardine superior to that of most human beings? I have heard they are very smart. My mind reverts to all these slant brows I come in contact with—poor fishes.

Baron Helgren

Barron:

Yes and No.

NO MORE PROMOTIONS AUTHORIZED

Information has been received that there are no further vacancies for non-commissioned officers in the Medical Department as the present number of non-coms far exceed the number now authorized by the War Department. We must not give up hope however. The closing of numerous hospitals and the discharge of many emergency non-coms will leave room for many additional promotions in the near future.

GOOD BOY, O'SHEA

Ex-Buck-Private Patrolman O'Shea arrested Ex-Lieutenant Rothfeld and took him before Ex-Major Magistrate Henry H. Curran, who fined the former lieutenant \$10 for climbing through the window of a street-car. It happened in New York. Next!

AND THAT'S NO BULLION!

Private X—I saw a strong man carry a bar of gold on his shoulder for fifteen minutes.

Ex-private—That's nothing. A lot of fellows I know carried gold bars on their shouldiers through the entire war.

THE WARBLER'S ESSAY ON TOBACCO

Tobacco grew originally in America and was introduced to the English people by Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake in 1500 and something. It appears that the American Tobacco Co. made a present of a shipment of tobacco to these two birds so's the habit would be taken up by the British nobility and gradually spread to the masses. Smoking met with considerable opposition at first and early smokers were persecuted. A great amount of tobacco was seized by the government at the time and put into storage; seems like the stuff was only recently released to be made into cigars that are now being sold over at the Post Exchange. Tobacco owes its early success to its reputation as a disinfectant. Some of the six-for-a-quarter "perfectos" that are popular today could very easily be used for that purpose. Some folks are fond of Turkish cigarettes; if there ever was a Turkish atrocity the Turkish cigaret is it. Tobacco grows in all parts of the world today, but reaches the consumer mostly thru the United Cigar Stores and the corner druggist. Tobacco is the next thing that the prohibitioners will try to annihilate.

—Trouble Buster.

THE LAST VETERAN

Shoes at fourteen dollars,
Suits at sixty flat;
Quarter each for collars,
Seven bucks a hat.
Overcoats a hundred,
Milk two dimes a bowl,
Swiftly are we sundered
From our banking roll.

Highballs—swallowed stealthily—
Half a bone a nip;
Golf is for the wealthy,
So's the railroad trip.
Sodas gone to double,
Tax on movie shows,
Figering's no trouble
Where the money goes.

Rents up aviating,
Smokes a nickel rise,
Carefares extra rating,
Added jits for pies;
Wartime scales are noble,
Sherman rang the bell—
When do we demobl-
Ize the H. C. L.

—E. S. MacKie.

Asheville Headquarters for Military Uniforms

for Officers and Enlisted Men. Made to your own *measure*. We also handle *Ready-to wear* Uniforms in stock in Serges and Whipcords.

*Hats, Shirts, Insignia, Wool
Chevrons, Service Stripes,
and all necessary equipment*

I. W. GLASER

16 Patton Avenue

Telephone 914



THEORY AND COMMON SENSE

A few years ago we were told that we couldn't possibly be healthy and happy unless we chewed our food and chewed it and chewed it until our jaws ached. To-day a scientist comes along and pounds a rostrum with his clenched fist and peers into our perplexed faces and assures us that we don't need to chew anything if we don't want to. All that's necessary is to put our food into our mouths and swallow. According to this scientist, a man who swallows a porterhouse steak, a pound of French-fried potatoes and a Boston cream pie in seven minutes has as much chance of being untroubled by the pangs of dyspepsia as has the man who spends a minute and a half chewing a spoonful of consommé.

The trouble with most rules which are laid down from time to time for our guidance in matters of health is that they are purely theoretical, and pay little or no attention to common sense. But if everybody had his quota of common sense there would be no Prohibitionist party, there would be no drunkenness, there would be no Bolshevism, there would be no wars, no appointment of silly Cabinet officials by obstinate Presidents, there would be nothing but peace, happiness and prosperity.

And since that would mean a very dull old world, it is to be hoped that still a few years will elapse before everyone has a rush of common sense to the head.

K. L. R., in Life.

C. A. WALKER

DRUG STORE

Corner Haywood and College Streets
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Sole Agent for

ORIGINAL



CANDIES

AND BILTMORE ICE CREAM

MOTOR CYCLE DELIVERY

Anything Anywhere Anytime

DRINK

Coca-Cola

EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED



THE HOME OF HIGH GRADE PIANOS

Don't Return to Civilian Life

Without the advantage of a good business training. Our thorough courses, complete equipment and corps of expert teachers enable you to secure an exceptional Business Training at our School. We make special rates to men who have been in the service.

EMANUEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

U. S. OFFICIAL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

15 HAYWOOD STREET

TELEPHONE 1100

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

AUTUMN Savings PERIOD

The last quarter's Savings Period of 1919 will begin October 1st. Deposits made before the close of business on October 10th will bear interest from October 1st. One Dollar will open an Account.

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE

CENTROSA

100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange and all dealers in town.

BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TCB. CO.
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EFFICIENCY PLUS

Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.
Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to make our policy both responsible and progressive.
Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000

36 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

HIS MALEVOLENCE — OR SOMETHING

"This yur bone-dry licker that's in sly circulation now-days is awful stuff!" declared a prominent resident of the Sandy Mush, N. C., region. "Over at the dance at Zach Flatt's tuther night, where a bunch of bucks wuz asked, a feller by the name of Snorkey winked another feller by the name of Boghorn off to one side, and whispered to him didn't he want a dram? And then, when he'd got him sorter out of the rush, instead of giving him a drink, he took him by the throat, and wanted to know whur in torment them three dollars, that he'd been owing him ever since the Lord knowed when, was at. 'Peared like this yur Boghorn feller didn't know, or couldn't take a joke, or something. 'Tennyrate, next minute they were fighting tollable nigh all over the place. 'Most everybody present took sides and got impaled in the fracas, and for a spell it was about as lively a social function as I ever had the pleasure of witnessing.

"Three of four gents got throwed through windows. The ladies pulled right smart of hair. The fiddler stepped on his own fiddle. The dogs got tromped on, and returned the favor by biting folks, and it was hooraw, boys, hooraw, and the devil take the hindmost! And mebbly it would have been going on till morning if a thunder storm hadn't come up and the house been struck by lightning, knocking off considerable of one end. That nacherly quieted matters down, and ended the fuss. Eh- yah—this yur bone-dry licker is a plumb demon; it does as much damage when you hain't got it as when you have."

I DON'T WANT NO LEMONADE

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in his room
And a guy came in a-sweeping with an ole long-handled broom;
And the temperature was ninety and there wasn't any shade
And the nurse came in and woke him with a glassa lemonade.

I don't want no lemonade, the soldier weak did cry;
Take away said lemonade and let me go and die.
But bring in my hob-nailed shoes, so when I pass away,
I'll die with my ole boots on, which is something, anyway.

A NEW CORPS TO BE ORGANIZED

Creation of a Medical Service Corps within the Medical Department was the chief of several recommendations made by Surgeon General Ireland in testimony before the Senate Military Affairs Committee on the Army reorganization bill. This corps would be made up of men who have served at least five years as soldiers, three of which in the non-commissioned grade. There would be grades of major, captain and first lieutenant, and the medical corps was willing to give up out of its allowance of officers a sufficient number of grades to establish this corps.

General Ireland explained that this corps could do the work that is now being performed by the highly trained medical officers, such as the charge of ambulance companies, transportation, quartermaster activities, registrar and adjutant of hospitals, and other non-professional work. In war, line officers are not willing to be detailed as quartermasters and in charge of trains, etc., but want to be with their organization, and this has resulted in trained medical officers performing various kinds of non-professional work. The medical service corps would permit these highly trained medical officers to return to their professional work. It would also be an encouragement to hospital corps men as it offered them a future, with a majority in prospect, if they made good. This new corps would take care of the pharmacists whose services were needed, and who had been urging a pharmaceutical corps. These pharmacists could carry on in the new service the examination of medical supplies, act as storekeepers and be used in many other ways.

"No soldier was ever cared for as well as the American soldier has been cared for during this war," General Ireland testified. "The Medical Corps had rendered more effective service than at any previous time and worked splendidly all through the war."

"GETTING" HIS AUDIENCE

An evangelist who was conducting nightly services announced that on the following evening he would speak on the subject "Liars." He advised his hearers to read in advance the seven'teeth chapter of Mark.

The next night he arose and said: "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight and I would like to know how many read the chapter I suggested." A hundred hands were upraised.

Now, he said, you are the very persons I want to talk to—there isn't any seven-teeth chapter of Mark.

U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19

USES

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

Superior Milk Products



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It Repaired and Adjusted?

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

KID GLOVES FOR MEN OR WOMEN

MEYER'S GLOVES

CENTEMERI GLOVES

DENT'S GLOVES

And Many Other Standard Makes

Bon Marche

The Corona Typewriter For Fifty Dollars

It's little and light—not as imposing in appearance as the big fellows—but it does the work of the big fellows, and not a whit less perfect. It's very light, very small and compact, may be carried in a grip or suitcase anywhere and available at all times for heavy work. See one in our big book and stationery store today.

ROGERS BOOK STORE

39 PATTON AVE.

PHONE 254

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



Pure Meat Foods

THE FAMOUS "FERNDELL" PRODUCTS

EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES, VEGETABLES AND
FRUITS THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS

Our Motto: THE BEST OF EVERYTHING TO EAT IN A CLEAN STORE

EDWIN C. JARRETT

12 N. PACK SQ. & CITY MARKET

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Member Army and Navy Stores

ARTHUR M. FIELD CO.

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PATTON AVE. & CHURCH ST.

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THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.

Druggists

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT PLEASE
ARE MADE BY

Higgason

Member Army and Navy Association

60 PATTON AVENUE

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

TELEPHONE 1616

(Continued from page 2)

Sounded sort of funny but I decides to stick it out.

"Connect me up with Columbus."

Pretty soon a hoarse voice says, "I am Columbus, what do you-all reckon on want-in."

That rather knocked me out. I had expected to hear a lot of Dago gargon, and to hear the old bird speak English with a North Carolin accent sure gave me a jolt.

"That you Columbus?"

"I am the great discoverer."

"How is the weather?"

"Too damned hot."

Sounded rather modern.

"So you are the great discoverer."

"Yes, suh."

"Say Columbus, when did you begin to discover."

"Wall, suh, I low as how it was when I diskevered how to set a aig up on it end."

"How was that Columbus."

"Wall, suh, y'see it was a army aig an it stood up by its own strength."

"Tell me, how'd you discover America?"

"Wall, suh, one day I was in my office, not being very busy discoverin' that day, en havin' just got back from diskiverin the Sky for Bunkum Co., when King Ferdie came in. And he was shore powerful het up. 'Looky yere, Cul, says he, 'you hev got to go discover America.'"

"What's the idear, Ferd, says I."

"This here W. C. T. U. gang is lowin' ez how they air goin' to do away with our Joy Juice en make the hull kentry dry. So it is up to you to discover America and we will send the hull gang over there."

AT YOUR SERVICE

**LAWTON
AUTO
SERVICE**

*"Always On The
Square"*

Phone 366

Phone 366

"It was a most serious time, suh. So Ferd sent Queen Lizzy down to Finkels-tein's to hock some of her paste jewelry and with the dough she got I took a Southern train for the coast."

"After a long trip on the Geo. Washington, I landed in New York and discovered Broadway. I soon made friends with the natives and we spent many nights exploring the wilderness nearby and studying the inhabitants. All this was done at night and so wild and wooly was these trips that the fellers in my gang was known as the Nites of Columbus."

"I was having a good time in America when some feller sprung this here Leeg o' Nations on me and I beat it fer home. When I got back I was jailed fer jumpin a board Bill I hed forgot about, and they all laffed at my talks of America. but I will have my revenge yet because—now that the W. T. C. U. have made America dry they will tackle Spain next."

And there was a ghostly and tiendish "ha-ha."

"Tell me, Columbus, where are the rest of the eggs you experimented with that time?"

"That is a great secret but I will tell you. They are being served at Oteen."

"Tell me, old scout, what provision is there over there for a Mess Officer who would desecrate such ancient and sacred hen fruit by serving them as articles of food?"

But Madam gave a groan and came to life and told me my dollars worth was up so I beat it.



LOOKING FOR CARLOAD BRISCOES EVERY MINUTE

TWO SECOND-HAND FORDS ON HAND

J. R. SWANN MOTOR CO.

DISTRIBUTORS

LIBERTY—MOON—BRISCOE—REPUBLIC TRUCKS

57 BILTMORE AVENUE

PHONE 1437

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Garcia rande CIGARS

A mild Havana for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

The Post Exchange

FURNISHED BY

**The Rogers Grocery
Company**

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

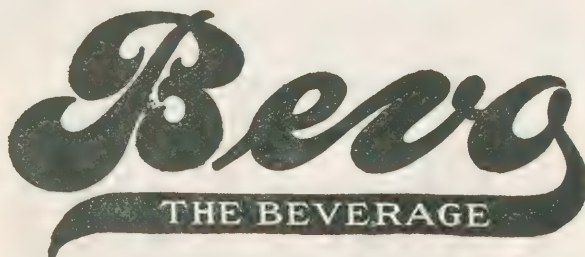
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Specialists in Ready-to-Wear
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Men, Women and Boys

Sporting Goods in Season
Trunks and Luggage

Member of the Association of
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Served Ice Cold at
Post Exchange

Also on sale at Soda
Fountains, and Soft Drink
Stands in the City.

Asheville's Home for Styleplus Clothes

\$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 AND \$40.00

DOUGLAS SHOES—\$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 UP TO \$8.00

Indestructo Trunks and Leather Goods

H. L. FINKELSTEIN

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY

23-25 BILTMORE AVENUE

TELEPHONE 887

CRYSTAL CAFE SYSTEM

INCORPORATED

ALL OVER ASHEVILLE
AND OPEN ALL THE TIME

YOUR LAUNDRY

ENTRUSTED TO US WILL COME BACK TO YOU FRESH AND
CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE
ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

PENLAND STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

KAISER KITCHEN IS WAR TROPHY

To the collection of war trophies which the Smithsonian Institution is now gathering will be added soon the field kitchen of William Hohenzollern, former Kaiser of Germany.

German prisoners of war loaded the kitchen—which is said to be a most elaborate affair—aboard a transport at St. Nazaire, France, and it is on its way to Washington with a large collection of war material of different kinds. The kitchen followed the Kaiser to all of the fighting fronts which he visited, which is taken to indicate that it was kept as far to the rear as was its imperial owner.

The institution, among other trophies, has received the great war map on which Gen. Pershing and his staff worked out the strategical problems which the American armies carried through. It will be housed within a duplicate of the chamber it occupied during the war, floor, walls, tables and chairs having been secured for it. Uniforms of all nations, weapons, aeroplanes, documents and munitions, constitute the balance of the collection.

BONUS PAID TO 1,587,412

The number of \$60 bonuses paid to discharged soldiers up to September 16 was 1,587,412. Travel allowance claims paid by the same date reached 92,890, discharged enlisted men's pay claims 4,801.

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UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letter addressed—M. Dr. Sergeant First Class Irving S. Winters, M. D. Esq., has been sent to all of the Wards and Detachment Barracks, and no-one has been found who will claim it as yet.

If anyone is acquainted with the above named being will they please notify the Detachment Office, where the letter is now being held, so that the owner can be located and be given the letter.

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NOON	12:00-1:00
EVENING	4:00-9:30

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TO MRS. BURNS, THE SOLDIERS' MOTHER

We know no words of gratitude
That ever could repay
For all that you have done for us
Through these our longest days

But one thing in our heart remains
Memories sweet and tender
Of the one who listened to our tales,
Helped us in our sorrows,
Aided us in so many ways
To look with brighter hope
Toward to tomorrow.

Your work was hard and hours long
Your efforts were unceasing
To try some way to help us
The sunny side of life to see
And you have been successful

There were times when you were sad
Though you never showed it
But always held an open hand
And heart of just a Mother
To us one and all who came
To the Red Circle Club together.
—Sgt. G. F. Hoey.

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to right.

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